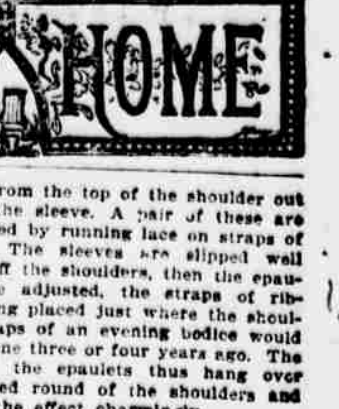
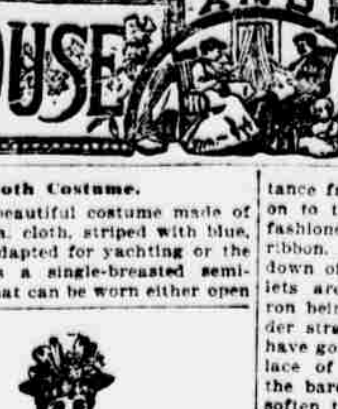


A LESSON IN YACHTING TERMS.



THE WORLD.

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There is no apparent disposition to remedy these evils.

The "L" road management is not treating New York fairly. By its negligence and false economies it is adding strength daily to the popular cry, once voiced at the polls, that real rapid transit shall be hurried on.

Though Tamsen is a good personal liberty man, he still insists that the Fourth-of-July escapades carried the principle too far.

WATCH THE BOOMS.

A correspondent in "The World" asked yesterday what had become of the Morton boom for the Republican Presidential nomination. The Morton boom is all right. It is just as strong as it was some weeks ago, when it wriggled out of a caterpillar into a chrysalis. It is crawling slowly along in the glass case owned by Mr. T. C. Platt. It is a curious fact of politics that most candidates have men to take care of them. Thus Cleveland was trained by Whitney in 1892, and now Morton is under the care of Platt. Therefore, people who are third-termophobists should not be alarmed. The gentleman at Gray Gables has no one to guide him in politics, and what he is without a guide is Daniel Lamont and W. C. Whitney tell.

Therefore, Mr. Morton's boom has more bones in it—looks stronger than Mr. Cleveland's boom IV. At the same time, it must be remembered that Mr. Morton's chances are a good deal like glass beads and brass wire—things of little value that a shrewd trader takes into darkest Africa, whence he returns with ivory and gold dust. Mr. Platt is a shrewd old Arab at conventions, and he seldom comes back without something of value in his sack. The primary results that he will probably still control the delegates, and he will be entirely able to take the glass beads and brass wire out to the convention.

Keep your eye on the two booms. They will be the most interesting things in politics for some months to come.

In the case of Mrs. Fleming, the Grand Jury ruled in where the Coroner's jury couldn't see the evidence. It seems probable that the prosecution confided more fully in the higher body.

The spooks are out over the Harlem. Spooks are making merry in the Annexed District. They have been seen there lately in one, two, three, dozens around the cemeteries and strolling along the highways. Several policemen have seen some of them, and all the reports come from sources that make them startling and eerie, with the aid of flesh-creeper affidavits. Some of the ghosts have been heard holding mournful conversations to apoplexy, and one man says he saw 100 of them dancing a breakdown on tombstones in a graveyard.

We have no idea what caused this sudden burst of joy in ghostdom. It may be thought that the spiritualists mediums have raised the wages of their spooks, and that the folks on the shining sphere who do so much to interest and entertain us in seances and circles are happy over the news. Madame Chicago and E. A. sitting, and it is only reasonable that the ghosts that help them to peer into the future and to cure ailments ranging from mumps to appendicitis should share in the rewards of the business.

If the spooks' walking delegate has secured them a raise of wages, and the spook mills are about to start into full blast again, with a promise of brighter and better times for ghosts generally, then there is good cause for rejoicing in Spookland, and our only other remark to the light-fanciful specters is the Tam O'Shanterish advice to go to it while they're young!

The Yorktown's captain says he didn't mean to be in the way Tuesday, at the yacht race. Better than not meaning to be in the way is making sure of not being in the way. It's easy, too.

It is merely a rumor that after the returns from those primaries were in, Mr. Platt was heard softly humming "We wanted something to play with."

With her new topmast all right, the Defender ought to put a new top-piece on Yachtman John Bull.

Explorer Stanley comes in good time. He may have to search for Roosevelt in darkest New York.

Forty-eight years ago to-morrow Gen. Scott and the American Army took possession of Mexico.

Platt seems in a fair way to join Gorman, Bruce and Quay in the front rank of the "go" there.

Commissioner Brookfield does not look upon the Platt victories as in the line of public works.

Perhaps Uncle Russell Sage thinks the light of his countenance is all the "L" road needs.

"There's one more river to cross," and it's the North River. On to the bridge-building!

Probably it was that goat which led the Valkyrie to sail into the Defender head on.

The Mayor's flag doesn't fly over the Republican primary results. He isn't in 'em.

"Lexow dodging." Practice makes perfect. But it's only in a law-suit, this time.

That "Britannia rules the waves" is a mere expression of poetic license.

Louisville has uses for all its Colonels in welcoming the G. A. R.

Platt has got past counting terms. He just holds on.

The people did not vote that the boot-blacks must go.

It looks as if Mayor Strong's gout had got into politics.

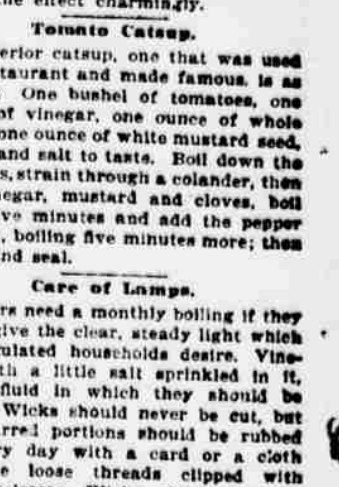
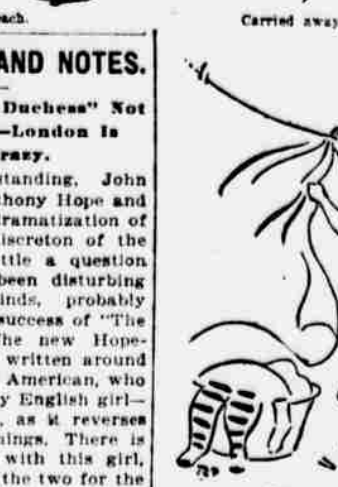
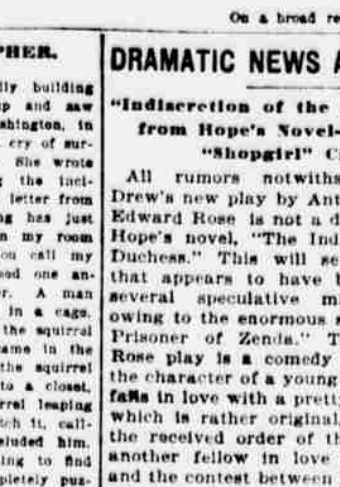
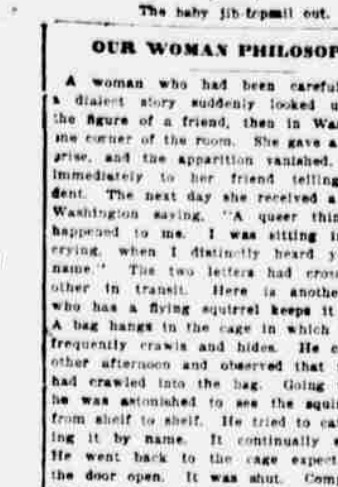
McKinley is for Foraker and Foraker is—foraker.

No mermaid has yet shown up as a yachting girl.

Gen. Humidity is in town for the yacht races.

Well, we're at you again to-day, Dunraven.

September is hot and sweet.



On the second leg.

EDITORIAL POINTS OF VIEW.

Long-suffering Mr. Langtry.

The announcement that Mr. Langtry has applied for a divorce puts people to thinking at the people of other towns. For in whatever direction their feet may tend the path thither leads to the town. Within the distance of a city block one may see the divorcee and the well-to-do prosperous part of the community who can afford to match leisure from their labors and rest by the mountains and seaside. Observe how satisfactory are their physical and knowing their clothes. Observe their air of well-being, their sense of poise. They represent a nation well-fed and happy. It is very nice to see them here. May they have a perfectly elegant time.

"Baby" Helps the Boom.

Now that "Baby" McKee has saved his little rump from drowning, Mr. Harrison would like to know if any relative of Major McKinley or Col. Reed ever did anything like that—Boston Globe.

The Home of Brice.

A Lima paper complains that Senator Brice has not been at home since his convention of Federal officeholders at Springfield was held. It is said that his home is, anyway—Cincinnati Times-Star.

The Seven-inch Belt.

"The Automaton belt for young women is to be about seven inches broad," says a New York article. This is a rank infringement of the rights of young men. But fashion cannot out a time-honored custom; the young man will take care of his own belt. It is three inches broad, and it is a poor apology for a young man of the period who cannot get around a seven-inch belt—Bradford Star.

Gallantry and That Hat.

"As we are a gallant nation it is not permissible to overlook the ladies," says the San Francisco Argonaut. That's gallantry, or no gallantry, we think the theatre hat should go—Chicago Dispatch.

Rightly Understood.

Senator Hill... understood that his personal views and preferences in matters of temperance and Sunday observance are one thing, while legislation for the regulation of the conduct of others is another—Boston Herald.

TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR.

Advice for Aliments That May Be Safely Treated at Home.

To the Editor:

My nose is quite red and shiny. Will you please print a remedy? B. M. R.

Have your druggist prepare a mixture consisting of one dram of iac sulphur, two drams of calamine powder, two drams of glycerine and four ounces of rose water. Apply at bed-time.

I am troubled with an itching of the skin below the knees. Will you please print a good simple remedy? C. H. R.

Try carbolic salve. Apply it as required.

My little boy is troubled with blotches coming out on his skin; they seem to itch intensely. Please print a remedy. M. C. Hartman.

You may find a very good remedy in the aromatic syrup of rhubarb. Give him one teaspoonful every three hours as required.

I am twenty years of age and troubled with a coated tongue. Please advise a remedy. M. E. M.

Take five grains of gray powder at bed-time and a good dose of villacabras water before breakfast the next morning.

I have pains in the stomach after eating. What shall I take? S. H. L.

Take a tablet composed of two grains of pure pepsin and three grains of pancreatin after each meal. You should also avoid haste in eating and masticate your food thoroughly.

Useless Trouble.

Ethelberta (in runaway carriage)—Oh, Tom, let us jump—quick.

Tom (reluctantly)—Would only be trouble for nothing. We shall be thrown out in a minute.—Tri-Bite.

She's Back.

The summer girl comes back to town.

A symphony in rain.

She now can wear a low-cut gown.

And see a real live man.—Philadelphia Record.

A Pictorial Success.

Artist I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door.

Dealer (after inspecting it)—Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it.—Tri-Bite.

The Decision Went.

There in the dust, footsore and weary, he fell.

"How sad, how unkind!" the world cried, "to perish in the very grasp of doom!"

But the umpire refused to reverse his decision—Blackboard Tribune.

Why She'll Succeed.

"A woman," said Blaggins, discomfitedly, "will never be a success in politics."

"That," replied his wife, severely, "is why she will be a success in politics."

"What do you mean?"

"She will never be a logical candidate,"—Washington Star.

OUR WOMAN PHILOSOPHER.

A woman who had been carefully building a distant story suddenly looked up and saw the figure of a friend, then in Washington, in the corner of the room. She gave a cry of surprise, and the apparition vanished. She wrote immediately to her friend telling the incident. The next day she received a letter from Washington saying, "A queer thing has just happened to me. I was sitting in my study, when I distinctly heard you call my name." The two letters had crossed one another in transit. Here is another. A man who was a flying squirrel keeps it in a cage. A bag hangs to the cage in which the squirrel frequently crawls and hides. He came in the other afternoon and observed that the squirrel had crawled into the bag. Going to a closet, he saw the squirrel leaping from the bag to the shelf to which it was clinging. He called it by name. It continually squeaked. He went back to the cage expecting to find the door open. It was shut. Completely puzzled, he opened the door and took down the bag. The squirrel was in it, but dead.

On a broad reach.

Carried away her mistress.

Taking in her sheets.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

Gossip Here, a Hint There and True Tales of City Life.

To the Editor:

"Just to show how a fortune may depend upon trifles and taking advantage of little things," said the sportsman, "I may mention that the other day when I was out for a walk to bet on, I heard a man use the word 'predicament' over a telephone wire. I didn't say anything at the time, but I thought it over afterwards, and just on that accidental use of the word I placed my money on 'Predicament' at the next Sheephead Bay races. The odds were 15 to 1 and I put \$10 on the horse on that tip alone. 'And won \$150!' put in the new woman excitedly. 'No! I lost,' said the fat sportsman."

Assistant District Attorney Col. Bob Townsend saw the yacht race on Saturday from the steamer Roanoke, chartered by the members of the Seawanhauk Yacht Club. There is nothing very remarkable about that, as Col. Bob is a member of the Club, but it was remarkable to see how he managed to get on the boat. Col. Bob and his brother went down to the wrong pier to the North River to catch the steamer. They were waiting for it when they suddenly saw it getting ready to move off from a pier further down the river. They yelled and ran for it at the same time, and got to it just as it was moving off. The gangplank was in use and the only way to get aboard was to shin up a fifteen-foot high pile and jump for the deck. Col. Bob, whose figure is not exactly athletic, made a jump for the pile and began to go up it as fast as he could. He slipped back and tried again, and then three longshoremen went to his aid and boosted him. By dint of the exertions of the Colonel and his helpers, he finally succeeded in getting to the top and laid out a flying leap for the deck of the Roanoke, which he reached upon all fours. Instantly he straightened up and, with that generosity for which he is famous, threw largesse to the longshoremen.

WOOLING AND WINNING.

A good story is going the rounds of Brooklyn's legal circles about Col. Albert F. Jenks. It is said he was visiting a man who had received a letter from a cheap lawyer who demanded "halfance due" on a reward for a stolen dog. Jenks told him to write an answer as he dictated. This was the response: "When your letter reached me my lawyer was in consultation with me. He desired me to ask you why in heaven's name you had made a dog out of a dog. The cheap lawyer shut up."

MISS ELISE DE WOLFE has returned from her travels abroad, and will join the Empire Stock company in Boston. She has had her old parts, Miss de Wolfe says nothing about her old parts, but she has a considerable number of them. She is not in it with those of "The Shop Girl," "Tommy Atkins" is a little and Jimmy "halfance due" on a reward for a stolen dog. Jenks told him to write an answer as he dictated. This was the response: "When your letter reached me my lawyer was in consultation with me. He desired me to ask you why in heaven's name you had made a dog out of a dog. The cheap lawyer shut up."

THE EVENING WORLD'S GALLERY OF LIVING PICTURES.

ISAC MILHAUSER.

This is the picture of a New York policeman who recently saved a boy from drowning, and whose brave act will undoubtedly receive the recognition it deserves from the Police Board.

TIMELY JOKES.

Retribution!

Bring on the dogs, while roars a shout of cheer, and high—

With bases full and two men out.

The villain's muffed a fly!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Useless Trouble.

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YOUR MOVE NEXT.

MORNING.

When you morning mink the sky And all the shadows flee, No least seasons with a sigh To dream some morning there.

The dry blossoms on the beach Glean in the sun's bright rays, So would my arm and warm bosom The sunshine of thy gaze.

The lark springs upward as he sings In fluttering ecstasy, So would I climb on love's swift wings To heaven that leads to thee.

In good trim. Something ahead.

He luffs. Manoeuvring.

A good start. Over the line.

Two blocks that way, then.

The second street up.

A YACHT RACE REPORTED IN BRIEF.

On a broad reach.

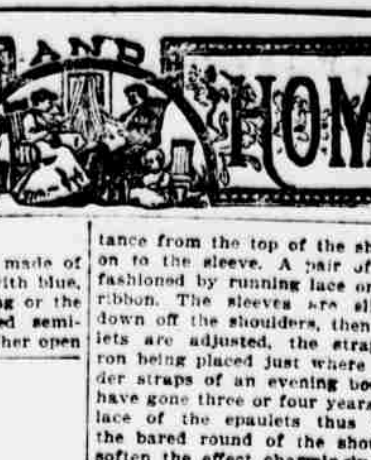
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